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Photograph by Richard Harrington

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Hockey is hockey even if the Metis boys are a little short on sticks and skates. They take care of their own rink on Green River.

Metis Rehabilitation

by D. F. SYMINGTON

Photographs by Mike Kesterton except where otherwise noted

THE GREEN LAKE METIS settlement in Saskatchewan is located in the deep bush, 36 miles northeast of the thriving agricultural community of Meadow Lake. It is the most extensive and varied experiment yet attempted for the benefit of western Metis, a group that could be considered as "the west's forgotten minority".

Metis—half-breeds they are more usually called in the west—are the product of marriage or casual association of fur traders of European stock with Indians during a hectic two centuries of fur exploitation in the *pays d'en haut*. There are more than 30,000 persons officially classified as Metis in the four western provinces. A very considerable num-

ber of people with Indian blood have become completely assimilated into the white society. The "official" Metis have by nature and historic environment, trended more to the culture of their Indian forbears, but have not—unlike the Indian—been accepted as a responsibility of the federal government. Thus, since the decline of the fur trade in the final decades of the last century, western Canadian Metis have for the most part been in a state of cultural suspension—impoverished, often bitter, usually social wards of the provincial governments.

At Green Lake the pattern is being altered. The 850 Metis there are in the midst of a social and economic revolution from ex-

tremely primitive to modern living. The picture is one of intriguing contrasts between the old and the new.

The settlement Metis wear embroidered buckskin-fringed jackets, smoke "tailor made" cigarettes, may dine on bannock, smoked venison, and tinned peaches. They take part in a modern lumbering operation, make part of their living hunting, fishing and trapping, eat ice cream in their café while listening to a favourite western melody being played on a juke box, do Indian-style leather and bead work, do excellent carpentry work—and so on.

The settlement area consists of 1,524 square miles of timber, meadow, and lake land, a small portion of which is suitable for agricultural purposes. It has been set aside solely for the rehabilitation of the Metis, and is under the jurisdiction of the Local Improvement Districts branch of the Department of Municipal Affairs.

The settlement village is located on the northern tip of 20-mile long Green Lake, astride Green River, which flows into the Beaver River, past Beauval, Ile à la Crosse, and into Hudson Bay via the Churchill River. It consists of three stores, a café, R.C.M.P. post, Department of Natural Resources building, church, community hall, school, infirmary, nun's residence, Local

Improvement Districts branch office, curling rink, power house, and residences which include about forty Metis houses and cabins, many of them built on five-acre plots adjacent to the village.

The remainder of the settlers live on 40-acre farm plots, some of which have been partly cleared of timber and made suitable for agriculture by the L.I.D.

Six miles from the village is a four-square-mile central farm which offers the Metis an example of correct agricultural methods, and is the training ground for some of the people in the community.

In the early days when the Churchill was a fur highway, Green Lake, located to the south, was a pemmican station. The Metis of that day hunted buffalo on the plains to the south and hauled pemmican back to Green Lake to victual traders on their way west.

After the turn of the century white settlers poured onto the prairies, put the plough to their ancient hunting ground, and wrote "finis" to their carefree existence.

There are about 10,000 Metis in Saskatchewan alone, more than in any other province. During the past fifty years most of them have been camping in sordid poverty in the northern bushland, or on the edges of towns and cities to the south—the

A settler's wife leaves Green Lake settlement after a shopping trip. Nearly every family has horses — few have cars.





Trapper-carpenter-farmer Charlie Arnault sells some of his furs at the settlement store.

social jetsam of a changing way of life. They have been gipsy-like, untrained and unwilling to work, despised by and despising the prosperous white man.

Until after 1940 the Green Lake Settlement was an example of this. Although only about 20 miles from the lush Meadow Lake farming area the Metis were isolated from it by many decades of social and technological progress. They squatted in the dense poplar and spruce forest by the lake in little log huts with dirt floors and sod roofs. They bought monthly rations of tea, flour, sugar and beans with the \$10 per family government "relief", and fished and hunted enough to stay alive. They seldom worked. Malnutrition and disease were rampant.

In 1941 a government rehabilitation scheme tossed thousands of dollars worth of cattle, horses and agricultural equipment among them. They ate the cattle, left the machinery to rust in the still uncleared timber land, and remained wards of the government.

Since that time, however, the settlement has progressed to the point where it is a striking example of what can be done with

an underprivileged, uneducated and uninterested social group.

In 1940 most of the white settlers left the area to occupy other nearby lands under a government sponsored voluntary removal plan. Since then, also, independent white lumber operators have been refused permission to bring their white crews in to take timber from this Crown land. This important step provided the Metis with a community they could look on as their own, and gave them freedom from the social stigma, unfair competition and exploitation that have been features of almost any association between western Metis and the white man. The slurring term "half-breed" is not used at Green Lake.

Jim Elliott, 38 year-old resident L.I.D. Inspector, is the moving spirit of the Metis rehabilitation at Green Lake. At the Regina end is W. Roy Bell, L.I.D. Administrator, who is familiar with the peculiar problems likely to be encountered, and gives Elliott a free hand within limitations.

Any attempt at rehabilitation must necessarily take into account the traits and peculiarities of the Metis, as a cultural group and as individuals.

"The cultural patterns of the Metis stress the value of personal enjoyment on a day to day basis, and material possessions are valued as they add to that enjoyment, to be discarded as they become a burden." These observations were made in a report from the Manitoba Branch, Canadian Asso-



Trapping for mink and muskrat supplements the income of settlers like Jules Laliberté.

Best pulp cutters in the settlement are Frank Toby and Noel Morin. Like other bush workers at Green Lake they are paid on a piece-work basis.

Centre: — Spruce saw-timber in production at Porat's mill at Green Lake.

R. G. Young



ciation of Social Workers, published early in 1949.

Elliott's first and major problem has been to raise the standard of living in the community. In other words, he had to make them wish to work.

"The Metis considered they were doing a person a favour if they worked for him. They wouldn't work for a man they didn't like, even for top wages. They might hire out to him, but they wouldn't work well, and as soon as they had earned \$20 or \$30 they would leave the job and go back to their cabins," says Elliott. "In those days they could live according to their standards on \$10 a month."

Accordingly, Elliott engaged the services of a lumber operator the Metis liked and respected—Gus Porat. A small sawmill and planing mill were set up and the machinery for a modest lumbering and pulp cutting operation organized. Its sole reason for being was to provide the Metis with an opportunity to work whenever they wished, for good wages.

In the organization of the lumbering operation another peculiarity of the Metis was

While most Metis lumbermen work in the bush others do planing at the lumber camp.





Central farm cattle are tended by four Metis farmhands who also help with all farm operations.



Above: — More than a ton of bull is led to water at a hole chopped in the ice of the Beaver River, which runs past the central farm. Livestock is ferried across to pasture in the summer.



Left: — Future cowboy Roderick Ross hurt his hand in a lumbering operation so must turn to another occupation for his livelihood.



Ernest Ross looks worried as he inspects the snow-covered stooks in his oat field. This was neophyte farmer Ross's first crop, but he had to wait until spring thaw was over to get it threshed.

Light Sussex hens are favoured by central farm manager Scotty Bruce because they combine good meat and egg production.



recognized. They are intensely competitive by nature, and make a game of their work, each trying to outdo the other. Elliott says a white man working at a steady pace ruins a Metis crew by slowing the work down to a point where the Metis lose interest, and won't even make a pretense at working.

Little attempt was made to persuade the Metis to work if they didn't wish to, because any such attempt would have been construed by them as bullying and coercion—not unknown to the Metis—and might have resulted in passive resistance. After several years with the opportunity for work always at hand the Metis have gradually become accustomed to the idea that work isn't as bad as they might once have thought.

Their standard of living has by now risen to the point where few families are content with an income of less than \$150 per month, and retrogression to the \$10 per month of a decade ago would be impossible for most of them.

Having been given the opportunity the Metis made this transition almost entirely of their own volition, a social step of considerable significance. The white man's maxim, "Work that ye may eat" had been entirely foreign to their philosophy. They had never needed to work in order to exist, and had no such incentive.

Not without significance to the economy of the province is the fact that in an average year the Green Lake community produces, in lumber products alone, 300,000 feet of bridge timbers, about two million feet of spruce lumber, and 1,000 cords of pulpwood.

Discounting the fact that many thousands of dollars per year formerly spent on social aid are now being saved, this is a considerable achievement. Some Metis from other areas have themselves moved or been transferred to Green Lake, partly to ascertain if they would adapt themselves to the life and community, partly, also, to bring new blood into the Green Lake settlement, where for two centuries the dozen major families in the area had been intermarrying.

A group from Punnichy, which annually drew \$24,000 in social aid was among the incoming parties. Most of these plains Metis, unused to the bush, left the settlement within a year, but a few stayed on, learned bushcraft, and turned out to be fair settlers. The ones who left were placed in the unaccustomed position of either having to shift for themselves, or go back to Green Lake where employment is always available. While some may end up on social aid again, most have ceased to be dependent.

The other main ingredient of the Metis rehabilitation, currently being put into effect



Granaries on central farm hold crops from settlers' 40-acre plots. Grain is hauled by road 36 miles to nearest railway at Meadow Lake.



Metis settlers are good carpenters. They have built all the houses at Green Lake.

at Green Lake, is the establishing of a considerable number on farm plots to provide them with a supplementary income and to increase their stability. Any Metis who requests it is given a long-term lease to a 40-acre plot of land. There is a considerable area of meadowland adjacent to the many lakes and muskegs that dot the settlement area, suitable only for grazing and hay land, not for cultivation. The suitable land is invariably covered with a fairly heavy growth of poplar and spruce, so must be cleared.

The L.I.D. clears 20 acres of land on each plot, hiring bulldozers on a contract basis to do the job. Clearing and breaking costs run upwards of \$40 an acre. Initial outlay is made by the provincial government and is repayable by the settler out of receipts from his crops. The land is cultivated, sown and harvested by the L.I.D. If necessary, the branch pays for the cost of root picking, fencing, and other routine work.

The grain is sold by the L.I.D. and credited to the account of the settler, who pays out of his receipts the cost of operation for



Marius Villebrun, like most of the Metis, takes naturally to wood-working.

The best mechanic in Green Lake is central farm employee Harry Gardiner.





The little church is set in the silvan beauty of the forest that extends north to the barren grounds.

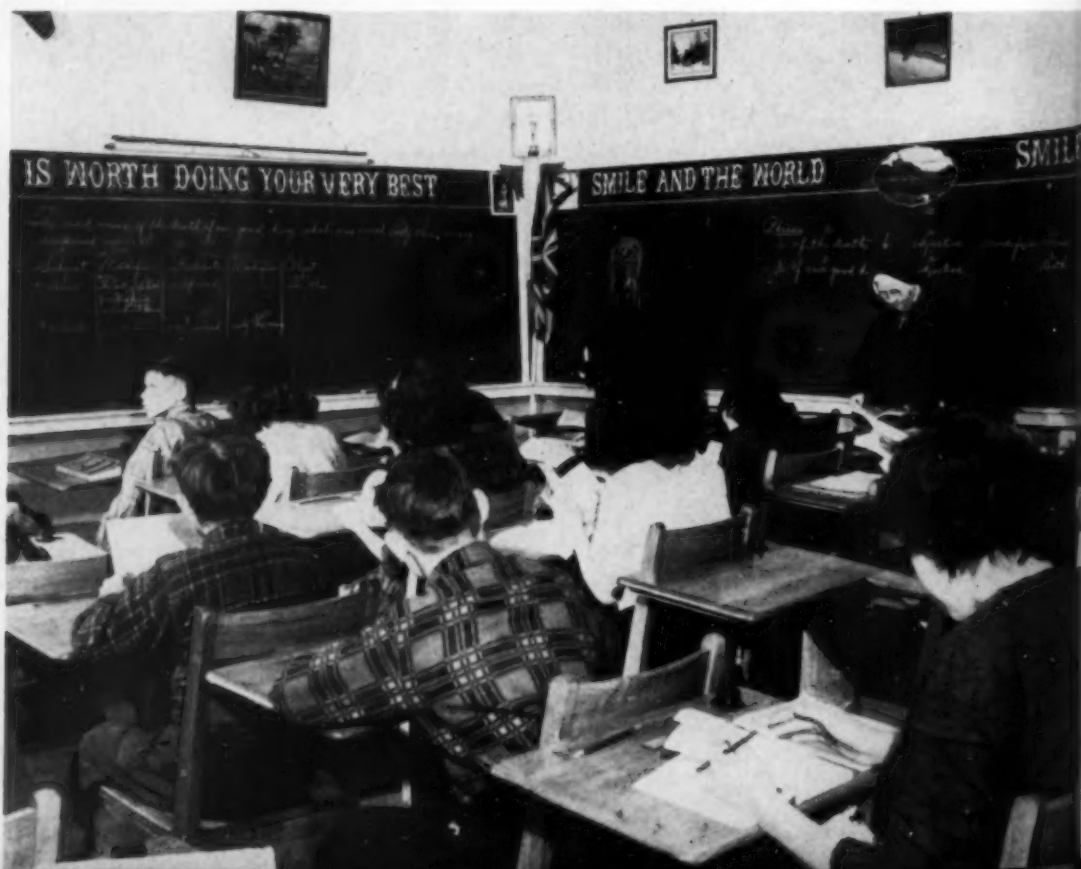
A modern, five-room school at Green Lake offers education up to grade 10. School is non-denominational, but teaching is done by Roman Catholic Sisters of Presentation.

the summer. Two-thirds of the remainder goes towards paying off the clearing and breaking costs. Each year the settler receives a modest income from his plot, but to Elliott the important facts are: first, the Metis are voluntarily "tying" themselves to plots of land; second, they are beginning to look on their plots as their own. As a result they take an interest in them, boast about their crops and help with the farm work.

In the summer of 1951, 13 plots bore crops. In 1952, 41 were cultivated. Eventually, Elliott hopes, the Metis will gain enough knowledge to form a machinery co-operative to handle their own work. He does not, however, anticipate such a development within the decade.

James "Scotty" Bruce, L.I.D. employed manager of the central farm, currently looks after the details of seeding and harvest for all plots. The central farm has 550 acres under cultivation, and employs from three to twelve Metis, depending on the season.

A herd of more than 100 head of cattle has been built up—mainly hardy shorthorn-hereford crosses that will eventually stock the large ranch. The Metis take naturally to ranching, and although there is as yet little stock grazing "free" in the settlement



area, many of the men affect the stetson and denims garb of the cowboy. Nearly all the Metis families in the area own horses, which are the main means of transportation, winter and summer. There are only a few cars and trucks in the settlement, most of them ancient.

The L.I.D. usually has one or two trucks on hand for the lumber operations, and two or three young Metis men have learned to handle them adequately, although the Metis generally are lacking in mechanical aptitude.

They are competent lumberjacks, and take naturally to carpentry and woodworking. During the past few years, thirty-odd skilled and semi-skilled carpenters have been trained "on the job". Under the direction of a single white carpenter the Metis have constructed more than fifty buildings for the L.I.D. on the central farm and in the village. The quality of work compares well with the average in urban areas.

While lumbering and farming are the only economic activities in which the L.I.D. takes active part, the Metis now carry on an astonishing range of supplementary activities. The average white man would be hard put to follow a Metis through his year's work at the Green Lake settlement.

Living conditions have changed considerably during the past decade. Although the log huts remain the usual habitation of the settler, there are now none without board floors and roofs, and the unutterable filth of a decade ago has been replaced in most instances by something approaching cleanliness.

Each settler is allowed up to 500 board feet of lumber gratis each year to improve his home or farm buildings. This is the one exception to Elliott's rule that no able bodied Metis shall be given "something for nothing" under ordinary circumstances.

Education has been a significant factor in social advancement. In 1940 seven Sisters of the Presentation came into the settlement village, bringing the Metis their first real introduction to "outside" culture and education. Currently the school is being operated as a non-denominational school, although the Sisters remain the only teachers readily available who will stay in the comparative isolation of the settlement. The Metis' legal status is that of an ordinary Canadian citizen, so the children attend school usually until the age of 15, sometimes longer.

The "social therapy" of education has

Curling on the two-sheet rink is a very popular sport. Scotty Bruce, manager of the central farm, is in action while ace curler Abe Laliberté (right) looks on.



been patently responsible for some of the changes for the better in the community, and should be more in evidence as the first generation of more or less thoroughly schooled young men and women begins to make itself felt in the community. To some degree the children teach their parents what they have learnt in school, but the social effect has not been earth shaking. Many of the parents say "we do not want our children to live as we have lived, but we are too old to change much".

The infirmary, run by Sister Josephine, serves an essential purpose in this comparatively isolated community, where axe cuts and other hazards of work in the woods are much in evidence, and pneumonia a bugbear to people who have not yet become fully convinced of the benefits of cool, fresh air in their cabins. Emergency cases are taken out to the Meadow Lake hospital by car, and, in extreme cases, by plane—usually the flying ambulance service of the Saskatchewan Government.

A Meadow Lake doctor makes weekly visits to the community. His attendance, and the use of strictest compulsion, have

resulted in the decrease of social diseases among the Metis from 75 per cent incidence to a point where they are now no greater than found in a white community of similar size. Tuberculosis has been reduced to an average of three cases annually.

Social life in the community is vigorous and uninhibited. The Friday night dance in the new community hall is a joyous affair, with Metis boys swinging brightly clad girls through the wild intricacies of the square dance, Red River jig, polka, schottische and two-step. Music presents no problem, because nearly every resident of Green Lake settlement knows how to play at least one of the favourite instruments—fiddle, guitar and banjo. On nights other than Friday, dances spring up spontaneously in the little cabins, where an amazing number of couples manage to find the space to dance.

Curling has become an extremely popular sport since the dozen white men in the settlement built the two-sheet rink out of slabs in 1944. At first the Metis were unwilling to attempt such strange antics, but a bonspiel in which each white man picked three Metis for his team "broke them in" and now the game has become a passion with most of the men, and some of the women. At the beginning they took the game so seriously that if one Metis "took out" another's rock with a well-placed shot, a fist fight was likely to ensue. Now, however, they have learnt to play the game for the sake of the game.

The children maintain their own open air hockey rink on the ice of Green River, and another is provided for them in the heart of the village. Although lacking in equipment they have as much fun with bent branches for hockey sticks as the average youngster with a full kit.

Folk arts and crafts are not well developed among the Metis although some families, like the Roy's, do a considerable amount of bead and leather work, and make embroidered jackets and mitts, mostly for commercial sale. Standard footwear in the community is beaded buckskin moccasins, worn under ankle-high rubbers.

Satisfaction shows on Grandpa Roy's face as he fondles his newest granddaughter.



Only a few families are skilled in handicrafts, but bead and leather work provide income for Mrs. Flora Roy and her daughters. Much of their work is sold in Winnipeg.



Much of the work done to supplement incomes from lumbering and farming is done on a family basis. A whole family may go out to camp in the hayfields for a week or so during the summer and all who are capable drive a mower or wagon and rack, or wield a fork. The same applies to a degree in trapping. A few families go up to Sled Lake, about 30 miles northeast of the settlement, for the winter's trapping.

In the summer, when the blueberry season is at its peak, men, women and children spend weeks in the great patches in this area. Buyers from Meadow Lake and two of the three white storekeepers at Green Lake settlement keep in close touch with the berry pickers, competing to buy their wild harvest. Sometimes bears are found in the patches, but they are timid competitors.

Animal life in the area includes mink, weasel, muskrat, fox, bear, coyote, wolf, deer, moose and lynx, but none of these prey on farm stock except the baleful and voracious "ghost of the northern woods", the great horned owl, who will take his quota of chickens from the central farm until

stopped with a blast of shotgun pellets.

The life at Green Lake, by and large, is crude and as varied and vigorous as it must have been in Ontario or Illinois in the early 1800's. Many of the subtleties of the white man's life are as yet lost on the Metis. Most of them remain amoral, and illegitimacy occasions no stigma.

And yet, in the face of this, amazing social and economic progress has been achieved in a decade. "Canada's century" has not so far been the century of the western Metis—and the fault has not been mainly his. However, some sociologists in Saskatchewan and elsewhere are looking to Green Lake as a possible answer to the social dilemma of submerged castes. Others disagree on theoretical grounds that segregation is the solution to the problem of any minority group.

In practice it would appear that segregation as at Green Lake is one workable means of building self esteem and capability among the Metis—both necessary qualities if they are to be accepted on more or less equal ground by the race-proud occupants of their former domain.

Malta, G.C.

by SHELLEY GARNER

Photographs courtesy U. K. Information Office

WHEN WORLD WAR II came to an end Malta lay like a shattered stepping-stone between Sicily and the north coast of Africa. For three years Hitler and Mussolini had tried to bomb the little island into impotence and, by blockade, to starve its inhabitants into submission. Both attempts had, however, failed. The beleaguered fortress of the Mediterranean (seventeen miles in length and nine miles across at its widest) had gloriously withstood the third siege in its history and had emerged triumphant — although badly battered and grievously scarred as a result of the terrible ordeal through which it had passed.

In April 1942 a murderous bombing assault was made upon the capital, Valletta, in an attempt to break the spirit of the population. It was the blackest period of the siege, and the whole world followed with suspense and admiration the heroic resistance of the islanders. It was then that King George VI made the inspired gesture of conferring on the island as a whole the George Cross. This signal honour came at precisely the right moment. It sustained the people in their hours of endurance and inspired them to even greater feats of bravery. Thenceforward the island was to be known as Malta, G.C.

It is not within the scope of this brief article to recapitulate the saga of the "unconquered isle" and its illustrious people, during these years of anguish and travail. It has been brilliantly and affectionately recorded by many who actually took part in the siege or who witnessed the mass heroism that sprang from Malta's soil. We are concerned rather with sketching a few highlights of the historical background of the island and telling something of the first two sieges which this maelstrom of the Mediterranean was called upon to withstand.

The history of Malta is dramatic, its roots being intertwined in the myth and legend of the age-old Mediterranean. We recognize the little island as Ogygia, one of the numerous places visited by the redoubtable Ulysses, in the *Odyssey* of Homer; but it is not until the Phoenicians settled there (about the year 1500 B.C.) that Malta becomes discernible out of the mists of mythology. The island is full of relics of historical value, rich in monuments of antiquity and art. The Hagiar Chem, a Phoenician temple open to the sky, is one of the most venerable survivals of the past in the world today. Some of the most famous and beautiful buildings are a total loss — due to Axis barbarism; while many architectural treasures are reparable, the damage from bombing to all towns and villages leaves widespread scars. In fact, Malta's "Three Cities" of Vittoriosa, Senglea and Cospicua were virtually destroyed as a result of continuous, devastating attacks from Germany's *Luftwaffe* and Italy's *Aeronautica Regia*.

After the Phoenicians, the Greeks came to Malta and renamed it Melita. Later, the island came under the sway of the Carthaginians, and remained so until it was appropriated by the Romans after the mighty Empire of Carthage had fallen in the Third Punic War. That was in the year 146 B.C. A century later Anthony and Cleopatra were defeated in the great sea-battle of Actium, but from that time the Roman Empire showed signs of disintegration. Huns, Goths, and Vandals each in turn invaded and occupied Rome. The Empire became split and was ruled from two separate capitals, Rome and Byzantium, later Constantinople. Malta, part of the Byzantine Empire, was ravaged by the marauders from the north.

It was before this time, however, that St. Paul, on his journey to Rome, was

shipwrecked on Malta. His sojourn there is described in Chapter 28 of the *Acts of the Apostles*: "And the barbarous people showed us no little kindness". Many reminders of the Apostle himself are to be seen on the island. In the area of St. Paul's Bay are the remains of a Roman villa where it is said Paul was received after he landed, and near the actual scene of the shipwreck a statue of the saint has been erected. During his three months on Malta St. Paul lived in one of the subterranean grottoes or caves with which the island is honeycombed. These same underground refuges were to shelter and preserve the lives of Malta's population nearly two thousand years later.

The Arabs arrived in Malta in A.D. 870, and used it as a base for predatory raids elsewhere. Before they were driven out by the mounting power of the Holy Roman Empire they had left one enduring mark upon the Maltese people; Arabic (which was grafted on to the original Punic dialect) is still the dominant factor in their language. Despite the infusion of French, Spanish, Italian, and English elements, the island's population has remained Oriental rather than European.

In the sixteenth century the Emperor Charles the Fifth, overlord of nearly all Europe, was engaged in the long struggle between Christianity and the followers of Islam — the conflict between Cross and Crescent. Several centuries earlier the Knights of St. John had established themselves in Jerusalem. The members of the Order were distinguished by a white, eight-pointed cross displayed upon a black robe (the insignia which has come to be known as the "Maltese Cross"). The Knights were forced to evacuate the Holy Land, however, when it came under the domination of the Turks. They settled on the island of Rhodes, where they remained for two centuries until they were again molested by the Turks and driven out. It was then that the Emperor Charles conceived the idea of establishing the Knights of St. John on the island of Malta as a bastion of Christianity against the infidel. Under the powerful and

affluent rule of the Knights the rocky islet with its primitive and semi-barbarous people was transformed. It soon became the hub of the Mediterranean. An elaborate defence scheme was embarked upon by John Parisot de la Valette, Grand Master of the Order, after whom the capital, Valletta, is named; for la Valette knew that it was only a matter of time until the Turks would again attempt what they had failed to achieve at Rhodes, namely, the liquidation of the Christian Order of St. John. The anticipated attack came in May 1565, and constituted the first siege of Malta. It was led by Mustapha Pasha, the able henchman of the potentate Solymán the Magnificent, and reinforced by Dragut, the Pasha of Tripoli, and a band of pirates and cut-throats. The siege lasted for four months until the invaders were finally driven off. The Knights and their supporters had been sorely tried, but the little island fortress had successfully withstood its first baptism of fire.

All Christendom applauded the victory over the Ottoman invader, and money speedily poured in from thankful monarchs in Europe to assist la Valette in his plans for the development and further defence of the island. Years of tranquillity and plenty followed. Valletta was founded and building on a prodigious scale commenced. Under the foremost architects and engineers from Europe beautiful churches and palaces were raised and the environs of the Grand Harbour were developed into an impregnable



defensive system. Malta became a centre of culture and gallantry. It was the period of the Renaissance, and the age of adventure — the era of Michelangelo, Titian, Tintoretto, Shakespeare, Drake and Raleigh; and the island was in step with the spirit of the times.

The halcyon days were passing, however. Napoleon was abroad in the Mediterranean, and the stage was set for the second siege in Malta's eventful history. The Knights of St. John had declined in power and little resistance was offered to the French when they arrived. They were soon ensconced on the island. Napoleon himself spent six weeks there, despoiling the island's churches and palaces of their portable treasures and installing General Vaubois as Governor when he left. The Maltese, however, did not take kindly to the harsh treatment of their new masters, and rose in revolt. This time they were to be the besiegers and not the besieged. With the help of a unit of the British Fleet, which was scouring the Mediterranean for Bonaparte, the islanders maintained a harassing and effective blockade of the French garrison — penned within the fortifications of Valletta. The siege lasted for two years, and both the Maltese and the French suffered severely in the bitter

and exhausting struggle. On September 5th, 1800, Vaubois surrendered to a combined British and Maltese force. The islanders then asked for their little country to be placed under British protection; but it was not until 1814 that Malta was formally included as part of the British Empire.

Allegiance to Great Britain has remained steadfast and unswerving during the ensuing years. The opening of the Suez Canal brought unheard of prosperity to the little island and the development of the Grand Harbour into a great naval base and dockyard for Britain's Mediterranean Fleet meant employment for thousands of Malta's population. The fact that today there are not so many British warships in the harbour — due to a reorientation of naval policy in this atomic age — is one of the post-war problems that is worrying the Maltese Government a good deal. The island has a population of over 300,000 with a yearly increase of 8,000; but its natural resources are limited and new avenues of employment must be found. Emigration is one answer to the problem and many of the Maltese are now dispersing to other countries. One thing is certain, however: the lustre of the George Cross Island burns brightly and will never be extinguished.

World War II left Malta with a rebuilding problem quite out of proportion to her size and resources, for almost twenty-eight thousand houses, as well as numerous churches, schools and hospitals, were destroyed or damaged in enemy air raids. Builders are here seen at work on a blitzed site in front of Floriana Church.



To supervise rebuilding, a Town Planning Adviser and an assistant were appointed, and a complete reconstruction plan was formulated when Malta elected her own government under the new constitution in October 1947. One of the Town Planning Adviser's suggestions dealt with the construction of a new road (right) from Valletta's Grand Harbour to Floriana to provide an easy route for heavy traffic from the harbour inland.



A grant of £30,000,000 was made by the United Kingdom Parliament towards the restoration of bombed areas and work was started well before the end of the war. Fortunately, there are unlimited quantities of stone readily available for building. When quarried, the stone is soft enough to cut with an ordinary saw, but it hardens in a few months. Shown here (left) is the government-owned stone quarry at Kirkop, the most modern one in Malta. Maltese quarry workers (seen close up below) use pneumatic drills and axes to cut away large blocks of stone.





In an island as overpopulated as Malta it is obviously necessary to grow as much food as possible. Unfortunately, of 77,980 rural acres, only 43,000 can be cultivated. An average of but eighteen inches of soil covers the limestone rock, and one-eighth of the island is bare rock on which nothing will grow; cacti spring up wherever the soil is too shallow for cultivation. Yet such soil as there is proves rich in phosphates and, when irrigated, is very fertile. As it must be carefully guarded, a system of stone walling and terracing (above) is generally adopted to prevent its being blown away or washed down into the sea by sudden storms. Because there are no lakes or streams, and rainfall is inadequate, irrigation presents a major problem; farmers build stone-lined gulleys (left) to convey to their fields water pumped by windmill (below, left) from deep wells, or drawn from reservoirs supplied by aqueducts (below), which are fed by high-level springs.

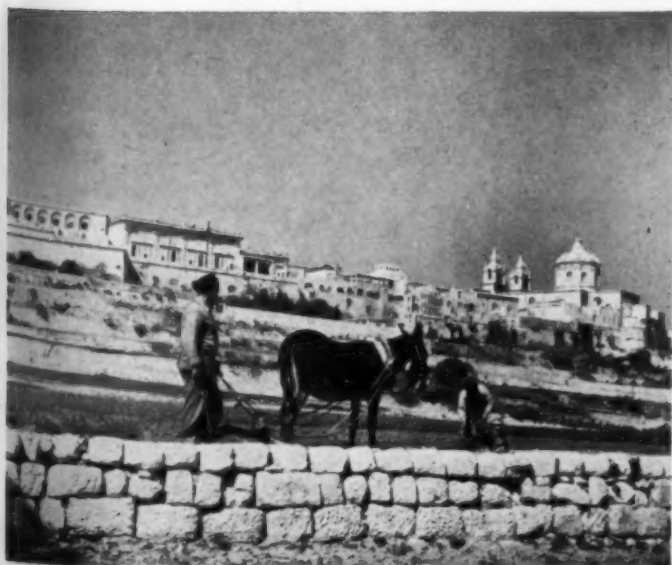




Goats (above) are kept in Malta rather than cattle, for they can survive on sparser grazing (animal feeding stuffs have been one of the main shortages since the war). Formerly they were driven through the streets of towns and villages and milked at each customer's door, as required; but now they are taken to a central milking centre, where the milk is pasteurized, bottled and shipped out by motor van—one of the results of which has been a great reduction in the number of cases of undulant fever. Until recently, agricultural methods in Malta were fairly primitive, but the government, with U.K. assistance, is now making strides in promoting acceptance of more progressive techniques. Consequently, the goatherd (right) with his wandering flock has become almost an anachronism.

Below:—Sowing peas and ploughing them in; (Mdina Cathedral in background).

Below right:—Maltese oranges are of first-class quality and flavour.



Among Malta's industries, lace-making is probably most generally known abroad. The lace-makers (right) at Nadur in Gozo (second largest island of the Maltese archipelago) work with nimble fingers, manipulating their bobbins and adding steadily to the rows of pins (below) that outline their delicate filigree of threads.



The development of Malta's Grand Harbour into a great naval base for Britain's Mediterranean Fleet gave employment to thousands of the Maltese. But now that the number of warships in port is dwindling, owing to a change of naval policy, it is proving more necessary than ever to develop native industries and sources of employment.

Above left:—Malta's breweries are the second largest employers of labour; they export to the Middle East and supply H.M. ships and shore establishments.

Above:—Electro-plating is one of the newer industries of Malta which is capable of expansion.

Left:—Maltese glass has long been famous, and glass-making is still a thriving, if small, industry.

Boatbuilding in Malta is a local industry, catering for local requirements. Many of the craft are most picturesque, having been made in the same style for centuries. The workmanship is of a very high quality, most of it still being done by hand (below) by craftsmen who take a real pride and delight in their work.



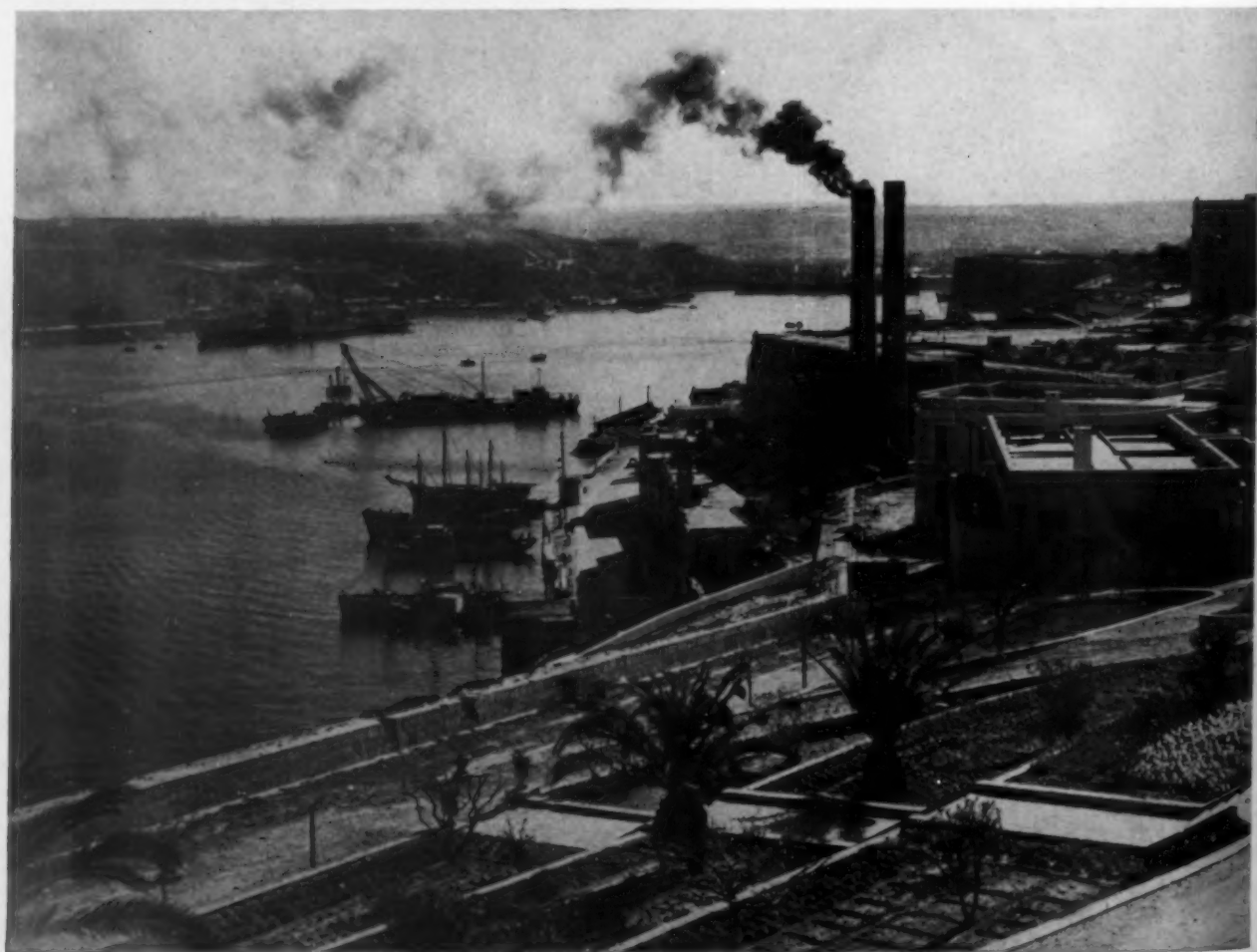
After World War II, one of the projects encouraged by the Colonial Development Corporation, at the suggestion of the Maltese Government, was resuscitation of the island's fishing industry. Local authorities claim that there is no reason why Malta should not rival, and even outstrip, Sardinia in its heyday as a fishing centre. But methods have, until recently, been very primitive: there have been no large fishing fleets, no steam trawlers, and very few of the boats had motors. Often the nets still used are medieval in pattern, albeit attractive

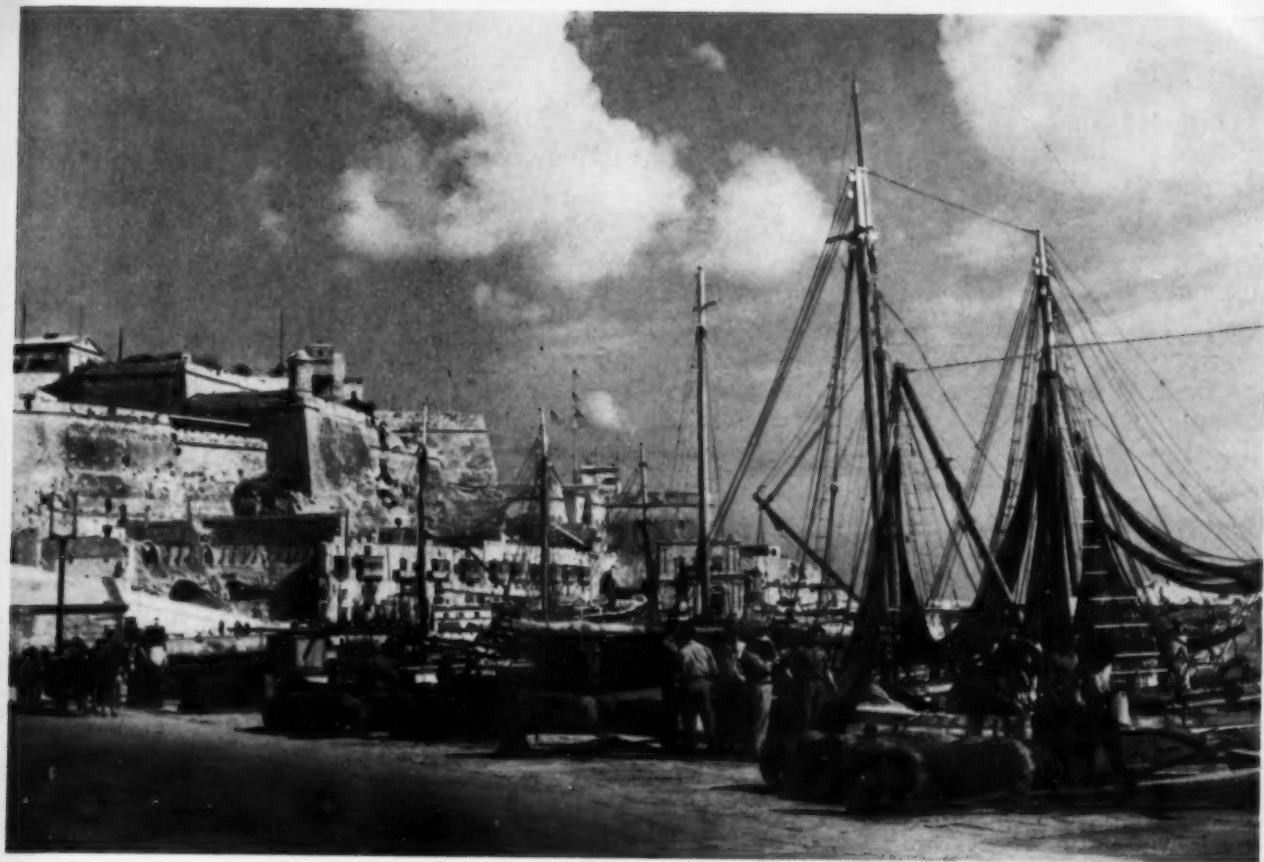
in design. One traditional type is the fishing net (below, left) made of reeds imported from Sicily. Each costs about \$9 to make, takes two days' work and stands five feet high. Net-making is a family industry; no plan or pattern is used, for each craftsman knows exactly the number of reeds required and how to split and weave them. Nets must be brought ashore every three weeks and left in the sun for two days to allow the reeds to harden. Below, right:—Rope nets and cork floats drying at Xlendi, a beautiful fishing village on Gozo.





Left:—A street market just off Queen's Square, Valletta. Disraeli claimed, in speaking of this stately Renaissance city of stone, founded in 1566, that it "equals in its noble architecture, if it even does not excel, any capital in Europe". Malta's impressive capital owes much to its position overlooking the Grand Harbour (below), one of the finest harbours in the world. Not only is it the headquarters of Britain's Mediterranean Fleet, but also (since a large percentage of the island's foodstuff has to be imported) it is a busy commercial port. From Sicily come small boats (opposite) to unload both wine and food; and other craft arrive from many lands. Customs revenue is still a mainstay of Maltese economy, as it was in the time of the Knights. Seen lying outside the customs shed at Pinto (opposite, below) are vats of wine, carried by ship from Spain and processed for the local taste—for though vineyards are being encouraged in Malta they have not yet attained great economic significance. Blue sea, ships of all sizes, and bustling cargo-piled docks—these impress themselves indelibly on the memory of every visitor to the red-soiled, sun-drenched fortress isle of Malta.





Spring Break-up at Boothia

by RICHARD HARRINGTON

A vast blue sky, a glittering endless snowscape, spread around and over the Hudson's Bay Company trading post of Spence Bay, at the narrow waist of Boothia Peninsula early in June. Eskimos from hundreds of miles round had gathered to trade in their winter's trapping and spend a short holiday before dispersing to their spring camping grounds. Before the end of the month the scene had changed. Bleak, black rocks were exposed, and melting snow rushed seaward in a thousand tiny rivulets; a strip of open water stretched between shore and ice-cake which still filled most of the bay. Bird-song filled the air, flies had come out, a couple of bumblebees hummed, and children played in the warm sunlight. By mid-July birds had nested, patches of snow lingered in the hills but much of the ground was carpeted with low-growing brilliant flowers, mosquitoes were active, and though there was still ice in the lakes and the bays leads had opened along the shore.

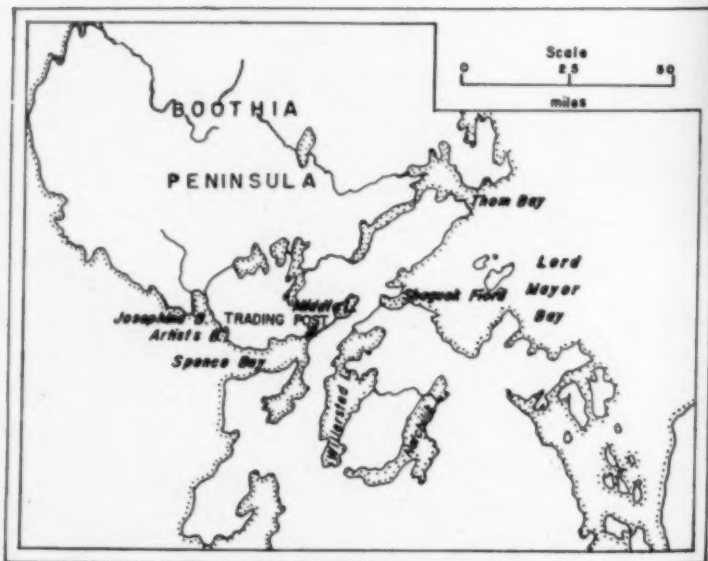
Every season of the year is important to the Eskimo, and each season brings its own type of work. When the

ice breaks up in the bays and lakes and rivers, the time of fasting is over.

With Spence Bay post as my headquarters, I made several excursions over Boothia Peninsula. I travelled by dogteam 80 miles to Thom Bay with Anijah, his wife Shaunak and their little daughter, journeying in leisurely manner as he hunted for seals.

Another shorter trip of about a week was to Josephine Bay, 35 miles from Spence, by way of Artists Bay. This time I went with Kunok, a lad of perhaps fourteen, who had a team of five dogs. Going out there was rain, much surface water lay on the ice, and we had to look out for cracks. Coming back the surface of the ice was sharp and jagged and the cracks had widened so that the dogs had sometimes to be thrown across one by one before the gaps were bridged by the long komatik.

As the season advanced, I travelled again with Anijah, to Netchilik Lake, where we stayed for several days. By now we could make part of the journey by boat, the remainder on foot with loads carried on men's shoulders and packed on the dogs. Many birds, some





A flock of ducks wings over the lonely northern trading post of Spence Bay on Boothia Peninsula, in the midnight sun of June. Pools of water lie on the surface of the sea ice.

of them sand-pipers, flew up as we plodded over the arctic flowers stirring up the mosquitoes which the wind kept below knee-level. At night the wind dropped, but there was no darkness. Walking inland from Netchilik I went through a valley red with what

I took for oxidized iron ore. I saw birds' nests, tent rings of another spring, graves, fragments of caribou bone, and great flocks of ducks. It was infinitely soothing, and somehow spoke of the unchanging centuries that have passed over this land.



Above:—

Sealing methods change as the season advances. In winter the hunter, on his little mat, bent down in typical Eskimo straight-legged fashion, watches a seal-hole. When the animal comes up to breathe, he quickly spears it with this barbed spear.

Top right:—

In the spring the seals come up to sun themselves close to their breathing holes. They are wary, but curious, raising their heads every few moments to glance round. The hunter advances cautiously while the seal takes its short nap. Some Eskimos favour the method of approaching behind a white cotton screen.

Bottom right:—

Anijah wore a special white cotton artiggi which covered him to below the knees. Moving forward slowly, he ducked the instant the seal raised its head, and hoped to be mistaken for a hummock of snow. When he was within a hundred, or even two hundred yards, he crouched and shot, almost invariably hitting his target.





At Thom Bay the natives have a special type of sealing. They build an igloo over a seal hole, excluding all light, and wait for the seal to come up to breathe, then spear it.

Although most seals in spring are eaten at once—the fresh liver being the greatest delicacy—some are put aside and concealed under rocks on shore. This cache provides food for family and dogs.





At Victory Harbour, just off Thom Bay, are remnants of the steam yacht Victory which was specially built for Sir John Ross's second arctic expedition of 1829. After wintering there in 1831, the ship was abandoned. The metal is still in good condition and Anijah wonders what use he could make of it. Parts have already been utilized by the Eskimos and the northern missions.

An ancient scoop, lichen encrusted, made out of muskox horn by the predecessors of today's Eskimos, at Josephine Bay. In this region were many old tent rings—stones placed in a circle about seven feet in diameter—indicating that this had long been a favourite tenting place for Eskimos.



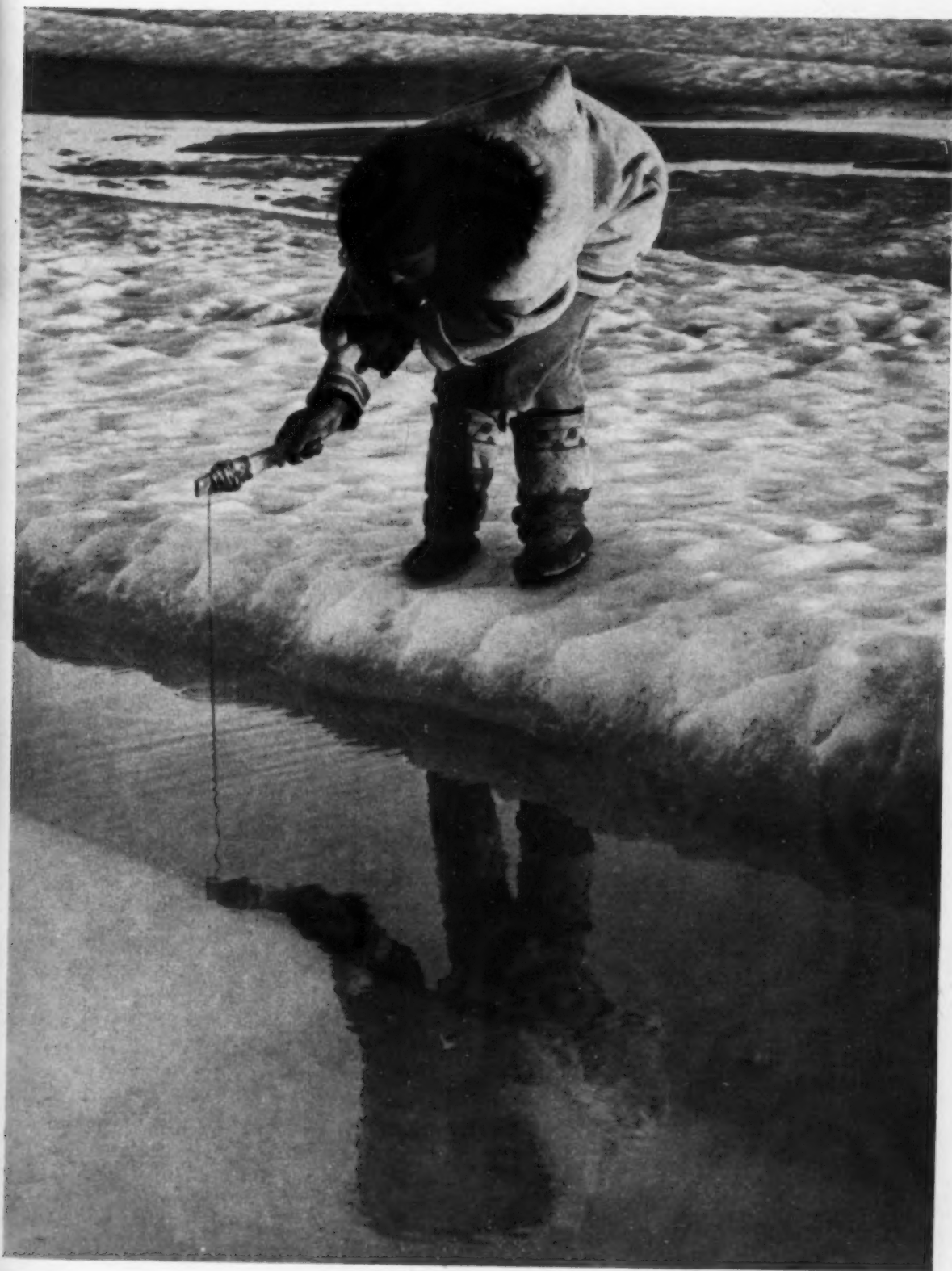


Above:—

Fishing is a very important spring activity. Here Equala lies beside a hole in a cake of ice, which may be three or four feet thick, watching for signs of fish below. His weapon is a kokiwok, a long pole with a trident head of iron and muskox horn. On sighting a fish, he would plunge in the kokiwok, the flexible sides of which slide round the fish's body while the prongs keep it from escaping. Equala might catch twenty or more arctic char in a morning. Char is much like salmon and has a delicious flavour.

Right:—

Methods of fishing change with the changing season. Cracks have now opened in the ice-pan and these "run-off" places afford good fishing. At night, when wind and temperature dropped, these strips were covered with a thin film of ice.





On the slush of a fresh-water lake, pulling a sled is no easy matter. The dogs are often shoulder-deep and occasionally they have to swim. Sometimes one of the Eskimos walks ahead to encourage them while the other travellers push and tug at the komatik (sled).



In this region travel is by komatik during all but two months of the year—over land, lakes or sea ice. The dogs find spring an uncomfortable season; pulling is difficult and the heat is too much for them. Whenever possible they lie on a snowbank to cool off.

The melted and re-frozen sea ice is painfully sharp and jagged. Kunok followed the practice of putting little sealhide boots on his dogs to protect their pads. Some dogs hate these and eat them off.





Where Netchilik Lake drains into the river the water races to the sea, and this is a good spot for fishing. Here the Eskimos used another method, throwing a long spear, with several barbs on it, at fish sighted in the water. The results depended entirely on the skill of the fishermen.

At an encampment at Netchilik Lake, as elsewhere, they were drying fish for future use. The fish were skinned, gutted, split and hung in strips on lines of rope or seal-skin stretched between piles of rock. When I visited the other tents from time to time, the people would give me pipshi (dried fish) and I would hand round my tobacco.

When I went with Anijah to Netchilik Lake in July we were able to make the first part of the journey by boat, which his brother Peelang rowed between the rocky shores and the ice pan which still covered most of the bay. Women, children, camping equipment, and a couple of dogs were part of the load. When we reached land, men and dogs were loaded up and we continued on foot for eight or ten miles. The long sloping meadows made for good walking and though the air was chilly, the ground was gay with flowers and birds flew up as we passed. After a while Anijah's three-year-old daughter grew tired and he perched her on top of his load, her legs tucked under the tumpline, where she fell asleep.





From Netchilik Lake, Obeluk, a tattooed old lady, took me up to the ridge where stood the "House of the Thunder Sisters". Obeluk was one of the few remaining medicine women, who still communed with the spirits, but she seemed in awe of the Thunder House. No one knows much about the structure, a tiny hut built of flat rocks, of unknown origin and obscure meaning. Ochre lichens studded the stones and the ground around was bright with masses of arctic flowers.

Inukshuks near Spence Bay which may have been built generations ago. Inukshuks ("that which looks like a man") were built to frighten the caribou herd into certain channels where hunters with bows and arrows would wait for them. They are found throughout caribou country, though now there are few caribou left on Boothia. A solitary inukshuk might be used as a landmark.





THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The twenty-fourth Annual General Meeting of The Canadian Geographical Society was held on 27 February 1953, in the Lecture Hall, National Museum of Canada, Ottawa. In the absence of the President, the Vice-President, General the Hon. A. G. L. McNaughton, presided.

After approval of the minutes of the twenty-third Annual General Meeting, General McNaughton gave the following report on the affairs of the Society:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, Fellows and Members of The Canadian Geographical Society, in the absence of our President, Air Marshal Robert Leckie, it devolves upon me as a Vice-President of the Society to take his place on this occasion.

"On behalf of the Officers and Board of Directors of the Society, I take great pleasure in announcing that His Excellency the Right Honourable Vincent Massey, C.H., Governor-General of Canada, has graciously accepted the office of Honorary Patron of the Society. This appointment carries on a tradition established in 1929, when the then Governor-General, the Right Honourable the Viscount Willingdon, became our Honorary Patron.

"Since our last annual meeting the Society has sustained a severe loss in the passing of Dr. Augustin Frigon who as a Director since 1939 gave so generously and ably of his time, experience and judgment to the Society's welfare; and of Professor Harold A. Innis, whose participation in the work of the Editorial Committee for the past five years contributed to the success of the Journal.

"It is a pleasure to inform our members of the election of eleven new Fellows during 1952:

Mr. Gordon Maclaren, Ottawa, the Society's Honorary Counsel

Mr. Brian Sutton Downward, Horsted Keynes, Sussex, England

Mr. Lionel Massey, Government House, Ottawa

Mr. C. M. Drury, Deputy Minister of National Defence, Ottawa

Senator N. M. Paterson, Ottawa

Mr. C. W. Krebs, Cleveland, Ohio

Rear Admiral M. E. Miles, U.S.N., Member of the U.S.-Canada Permanent Joint Board on Defence, Washington, D.C.

Mr. J. S. Buist, representative in Canada of *The Times of London*

Mr. Percy J. Philip, representative in Canada of the *New York Times*

Vice-Admiral H. T. W. Grant, R.C.N. (Retired), Ottawa

Mr. Alexander Barnet Maclaren, Ottawa

"The financial report for operations in 1952 did not record a surplus, but it appears that this is due to the fact that two important contracts have been delayed. Anyway, and despite this, I am again pleased to report that the Society's finances both on capital account and research fund reserves are in a sound condition. In this connection I should like at this time to emphasize that the Society stands and always has stood on its own feet, and is not dependent on Government or other organizations for grants to carry on its work. The Society is, of course, very happy to work in the closest association with the various departments of the Government of Canada and of the Provinces and with Canadian industries in making Canada and her resources and industry better known in Canada and abroad; but we do this from an independent and responsible position which gives weight and value to the part taken by the Society, and it is important, I think, both that this position be maintained and also that there should be no doubt about it.

"The year 1952 registered a new high level in acceptance by our readers of the Society's official publication, the *Canadian Geographical Journal*. A recent survey of 1,000 senior executives in government and industry showed conclusively that our Journal is not only read by them personally but also that their copies are read by four to ten of their associates. Our estimate, from a previous survey, of 80,000 readers per issue is thus well substantiated.

"At last year's annual meeting, Mr. Norman Marr, who was then Director of the Engineering and Water Resources Branch of the Department of Resources and Development, spoke to the Society on 'The Columbia River Basin'. An article prepared from this address and published in the August issue of the Journal is still in wide demand and has been of very material help in carrying information to the public of Canada in regard to the vast resources in water power in this basin which are now under consideration for development.

"The school teachers throughout Canada continue to co-operate in our work by using material published by the Society for classroom instruction. For many years the Society has made use of surplus stocks to provide gifts of many thousands of back issues of the Journal for rural schools. In 1952, for example, we were able to present some twenty-six thousand copies to Boards of Education for distribution.

"I should like to mention particularly the Society's extension work in publishing booklets which deal with the varied Canadian scene in an authoritative and up-to-date manner. This activity of the Society is making a

very useful contribution to making Canada better known both at home and abroad. During the year 1952 twelve reprint booklets were added to the record. One of these, entitled 'Aluminum—the Story of Fifty Years of Growth in Canada', involved a run of 230,000 copies which were presented by The Aluminum Company of Canada to the schools throughout the country. Because of the presence here tonight of Mr. Paul Clark of The Aluminum Company of Canada, I am especially pleased to be able to make reference to the happy association we have had with his company in this useful endeavour. Other subjects published in reprint form during the year included:

Geology of the National Parks of Canada in the Rockies and Selkirk

Le Saguenay au service du Canada

Alberta

Science in Fisheries

Forest Research in Ontario

List of Books Useful in Teaching Geography

Canada's Pacific Salmon

Water for the Prairies

Steel Forges Ahead

Newfoundland

"Since 1937, when this service was inaugurated, the Society has published some 192 different reprint booklets. The total distribution exceeds four million booklets, representing an investment by industry and government departments of well over half a million dollars.

"This does not include the Society's own publications entitled *Geographical Aspects of the Provinces of Canada*, 35,000 sets of which were published representing 350,000 booklets, the greater part of which are in continued use in schools throughout Canada.

"The picture of publications produced and published by the Society would not be complete without mention of the 50,000 edition of the 80-page booklet entitled 'Industry in Action in the Province of Quebec', produced by the Society on the invitation of the Government of Quebec.

"As evidence of the high quality of the letter press and illustrations of the Society's publication, I would mention that entries were submitted to the Annual Magazine Show held by the American Institute of Graphic Arts in New York. I am very pleased to inform members that in open competition the Society was awarded a certificate of excellence for 'the publication of an outstanding magazine', specifically the *Journal* for May 1952. This issue of the *Journal* won distinction in two categories, illustration and photography, and typography and lettering.

"You will be pleased to hear that a special Coronation issue will be published in August.

"In accordance with a policy of long standing to provide representative universities throughout the world with copies of the Society's *Journal*, presentation of a complete set of *Canadian Geographical Journals* was made to the University of the Saar, to assist in the establishment of a university library; and to the Royal Empire Society of London, England, of a number of volumes of the *Journal* to replace those destroyed when their library was severely damaged by enemy action during the war.

"In the field of research, a grant of \$1,000 from the Society's Research Fund was made to Col. P. D. Baird as a contribution to the 1953 Baffin Island Expedition. Six Geography Scholarships valued at \$250 each were awarded in 1952, winners being Mr. Robert S. Inch, a graduate of Mount Allison University, New Brunswick, to do post-graduate work at the University of Western Ontario Summer School; Mr. H. A. Smith of Toronto to do post-graduate work at the University of Toronto; Mr. K. G. Bain of Hamilton to complete his B.A. degree at McMaster University; Mr. J. R. Main of Winnipeg, Mr. E. H. Brown of London, England, and Miss Barbara L. Fenton of Cambridge, England, to do post-graduate work at the McGill Geography Summer School. Twenty-two applications for the Society's scholarships were received and the Scholarship Committee reported that selection was difficult because all the candidates were of such high calibre.

"Dr. J. W. Watson represented the Society at the meetings of the Pan-American Institute of Geography and History, the Centennial Celebration of the American Geographical Society, and the Seventeenth Quadrennial Congress of the International Geographical Union; and Dr. Arthur Beauchesne attended the centenary celebrations at Laval University as official delegate of the Society.

"Our Executive Secretary has kept in regular contact with directors, members of our editorial committee, and consultants in the academic and industrial fields in the various provinces. This year his field trips included the Maritime provinces, sections of Quebec, and the mining regions of Northern Ontario.

"The Directors would like to take this opportunity to express to the Executive Secretary and Staff of the Society their appreciation of the good work done during the year."

The report of the Honorary Treasurer was then adopted and upon submission of the report of the Nominating Committee ten retiring Directors were re-elected for a three-year term of office and two new Directors were elected to fill vacancies for one-year terms of office, namely, Vice-Admiral H. T. W. Grant, RCN (Ret.), CBE, DSO, and Mr. Gordon F. Maclaren.

At the conclusion of the business proceedings, the Vice-President introduced Mr. Paul Clark, representative of The Aluminum Company of Canada, who spoke briefly of the work and aims of the company and its contributions to the industrial development of Canada. This was followed by the motion picture "Packaged Power" showing activities involved in the production of aluminum in Canada and other countries.

The Vice-President extended the thanks of the Society to Mr. Clark for addressing the meeting and to the company for making the film available. He then introduced Mr. Agarwala, who represented the High Commissioner for India, whose office had kindly provided some Indian motion pictures for the meeting. Mr. Agarwala gave a short talk about recent developments in India and made some introductory remarks about the films, which were then shown:—"Delhi Old and New", "Seven Pagodas", and "Himalayan Paradise".

Immediately following the General Meeting a meeting of the Board of Directors was held. Officers of the Society were re-elected for the ensuing year and Standing Committees were appointed.



Happy Portuguese fishermen make themselves thoroughly at home on the waterfront of St. John's.

Portuguese Port-of-Call

by ADELAIDE LEITCH

Photographs by the author

WHEN THE SWARTHY SEAMEN of Portugal start washing their shirts in the trout streams of Newfoundland the Tenth Province acknowledges spring.

Tens of thousands of shirts have been washed there since the great "white fleet" began using St. John's as a bait and supply depot centuries ago. When Canada clamped down on restrictions that closed her Atlantic ports to foreign fishermen last July, Newfoundland, by the terms of union, was exempt and—a little smugly because there was some extra revenue involved—became the only port in North America to which the colourful fleet could still come for bait and fuel.

Every year for centuries, St. John's, a dignified old matriarch of a town, has had a Mardi Gras air in April and sometimes as late as May when, for a week or ten days, four-masted white ships have lined the South

Side or found anchorage in the middle of the rock-bound harbour. The decks always sparkle from frequent washings, the boats are festooned like Christmas trees with fresh laundry, and little tan dories, no more substantial than walnut shells, begin scudding back and forth across the harbour with their bright, triangular sails of scarlet, green or blue. One year, the whole fleet appeared in the Narrows just at sunset, thirty or forty of them under a cloud of white sails, and even shock-proof St. John's gasped.

When Fisheries Minister Mayhew paid the fleet a visit, they draped flags on every ship in port. One Good Friday, they startled the quiet capital with the sight of a man swinging by the neck from a mast. It proved to be an effigy of Judas Iscariot, which the deeply religious seamen had "executed" to mark the most awesome day in the Christian calendar. Few can speak English, but they



The white Portuguese sailing schooners (with auxiliary engines) are the only four-masted ships you can still see in the port of St. John's.

spend hours window-shopping along Water Street, looking for nylons for their wives, toys for their children in far-off Portugal; and South Side children have no trouble getting them to turn their skipping ropes for them.

The men, in their heavy, knitted sweaters and toques and hip boots, come singing up

the Hill of Chips from Water Street, great bundles of washing slung over their shoulders—the fresh water on board is too precious to use. They laugh and sing a lot in their week in port. On a still night, the sound of news reports in a foreign tongue, popular songs with Portuguese words to them, come drifting across the harbour from short-wave

sets tuned to Portugal. It lessens the loneliness for the men who have one of the hardest, most dangerous jobs in the world—fishing singly in open dories on the ocean.

In port, the little dories are nested on deck, but, on the Grand Banks, each man sails and fishes alone, often out of sight of the mother ship. On the bow of his tiny craft he carries a motto, or the name of a saint to shield him from dangers—but it does not prevent ice from suddenly swamping him off Greenland. Or from a humpback whale rising suddenly under his dory, as has happened twice recently. The ships sail across the Atlantic with the blessing of the Archbishop at Lisbon and each man, before leaving, has attended service in the Church of Geronimos. Even on the Banks, religion is as close as the hospital ship, *Gil Eannes*, that cruises among the fleet. On board, along with medical supplies, is a padre to hold regular Mass at a tiny altar.

French, Spanish and other foreign vessels periodically drift in and out of St. John's for supplies, but only the Portuguese make straight for this port and come in a fleet. When they disappear like mayflies after their

brief call, they set a course for the Banks, then for Greenland, and do not return again to the Canadian harbour for another year. St. John's likes them—they are among her quietest yet gayest visitors and if a young blade has any inclination to go astray he has only to remember the fine that will be levied against the catch of any Portuguese who misbehaves.

The Portuguese have been coming to the Atlantic coast of Canada for so long that many sources credit them with naming Labrador. An unknown seaman from Lisbon is supposed to have called it "Terra do Labrador", signifying a land fit for cultivation.

However, the earliest written evidence is a document dated October 15, 1506, which refers to a tax levied by Portugal on fish that came from Newfoundland to the seaports around Viana. The tax is gone, but ships marked with the home port of Viana de Castelo still drop anchor at St. John's. And it's not only as an economic gain that St. John's welcomes them, but, as a Newfoundland daily put it, "gay, courteous, law-abiding, they have been excellent ambassadors of goodwill".

Fishermen on board the Brites. Some of the dories used for individual fishing are nested together on the deck, right foreground.





An overall view of Glarus city (above), capital of the Swiss canton (state) of Glarus. (Below) Citizens from all parts of the canton head for the city to attend the open-air parliament and visit the booths of the street fair.





Officials of the canton of Glarus walk through the crowded city street to the government building for the opening ceremonies of the *Landsgemeinde* (parliament).

Democracy in Action

SEVEN thousand free men gathered in the historic square of a Swiss town one Sunday last summer for a manifestation of democracy in its purest, most practical form—the open-air parliament, or *Landsgemeinde*. Its closest equivalent in Canada is the now rare town-hall meeting in which every townsman has both voice and vote. But it seems unlikely that this Swiss variant of the town-hall meeting will pass out of the picture as is happening in Canada where the trend is towards municipal government by elected councils. Tradition is an important element in Swiss life, whether

it be in watchmaking which is four centuries old, or in the *Landsgemeinde* by which the people have been governing themselves for six centuries.

This particular meeting was taking place in the city of Glarus, whose population numbers some 5,724. The city, set amid Alpine peaks, is the capital of the canton of Glarus which, in June 1952, celebrated the 600th anniversary of its entry into the Swiss Confederation. But the *Landsgemeinde* is not a quaint anachronism in a back-country setting, for the canton of Glarus has a modern economy evenly divided



The Landamann (governor) and legislators leave the government building for the formal parade to Parliament Square. The Landamann walks behind the bailiffs.



between industry (weaving, spinning, printing, and furniture-making) and agriculture (cattle-breeding and cheese-making).

No empty ritual, the *Landsgemeinde* is the annual legislative meeting. All adult male citizens of the canton debate and vote on its budget, on various measures, and—every three years—on a new government. The *Landsgemeinde*, furthermore, does away to a large extent with the need for those

The parade is led by two bailiffs in red cloaks, one bearing the mace, the other the huge sword of office.



The Landamann has mounted the rostrum and been sworn in for another year. The citizens have taken an oath of allegiance and measures are now under consideration.

referendums which keep the Swiss of seventeen out of twenty-two cantons flocking to the polls one Sunday in every three or four. Five cantons use the *Landsgemeinde* form. It was first established in Glarus in 1387, when the canton statutes were adopted. The "people's meeting" has been held annually ever since.

Crowds gathered in front of the Glarus *Rathaus* (government building) to watch the

Two councilmen have been elected to fill mid-term vacancies. They raise their hands as they are sworn in.





The boys, for whom a section is reserved close to the rostrum, are keenly interested in this practical lesson in civic administration.

Clergy of all denominations take part in the proceedings.

All men who have the age are entitled to vote and vote. Here a progressive spectacle from within a round square.

parade of the cantonal officials to the meeting place. At 9.30 a.m., with characteristic Swiss split-second precision, the parade started, led by two honorary bailiffs in red costume, one bearing the huge sword of office. A military guard of honour, made up entirely of citizens doing their three-weeks' refresher training in the area, snapped to attention as the parade went by on its way to Parliament Square where rostrum, benches and bleachers had been erected.

With simple dignity the black-coated *landamann* (governor of the canton) mounted the speaker's stand, was sworn in for another year, and was handed the ancient five-foot sword of office. All citizens then raised their right hands in an oath of allegiance, their solemn "*Ich Schwöre*" (I swear) resounding through the square.

There were twenty items to be discussed and voted on. Besides the annual budget, they included the building of a convalescent

home, an increase in old age pensions, new public buildings, improvements in the road networks, and other proposals.

With rapt attention from the seven thousand participants, the parliament moved along as smoothly as a Swiss watch movement. Every citizen had his say if he wanted it. Peasants in alpine clothes, business men in black suits, workmen in berets and leather jackets followed each other to the stand to speak for or against bills. By 12.20 p.m. all the items had been voted and the *landamann* declared the meeting adjourned.

What greatly impressed foreign onlookers was the fact that the space immediately round the rostrum was reserved for boys of the canton, as part of their education in practical democracy. The boys sat or stood, watching the proceedings with undivided attention. At the age of twenty they would be taking an active part in the affairs of their small but vigorous country.



All male citizens who have reached the age of twenty are entitled to debate any measure and vote on it. Here a vote is in progress, while spectators watch from windows surrounding the square.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

D. F. Symington, who now lives in Regina, is a graduate in Journalism of Ottawa's Carleton College. — Shelley Garner is an Australian writer, educated in England and Australia. He has travelled extensively in Europe, America, and the Far East as well as in his native Australia. — Richard Harrington, Canadian photographer and author is back in his beloved arctic. His book *The Face of the Arctic* was published this year by Schuman (Nelson, Toronto). — Adelaide Leitch, Ontario writer and photographer, spent a year in Newfoundland before she continued on her free-lance way.

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ERRATUM

Vol. XLVI, No. 3, March 1953, p. 111: The scale on the map should be disregarded; the map indicates only the general location of the features mentioned.

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SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

The Canadian Geographical Society is pleased to announce the names of the successful candidates for the award of six Geographical Scholarships, valued at \$250 each, for 1953. These awards are part of the Society's general activities in encouraging academic work in the geographical field. To qualify, applicants must be Canadian or students studying in Canada for degrees in geography or for diplomas in education in which geography is a required subject. Scholarships may be held in the last year of undergraduate work or during post-graduate work, and are tenable at any Canadian University in which there is a school of geography.

Selection was made by a Scholarship Committee under the chairmanship of Dr. J. W. Watson of Ottawa, and approved by the Society's Board of Directors at its last meeting. The successful candidates, with the schools at which their scholarships will be held, are as follows:

- Miss J. I. Debrecen, Vancouver, B.C. — University of British Columbia.
- Miss O. I. Myers, Hamilton, Ontario — McMaster University.
- Mr. J. P. St. Pierre, Ottawa, Ontario — University of Montreal.
- Mr. J. K. Stager, Preston, Ontario — University of British Columbia.
- Mr. G. S. Tomkins, Montreal, P.Q. — McGill Geography Summer School.
- Mr. J. H. Warkentin, Winnipeg, Manitoba — Toronto University.

AMONGST THE NEW BOOKS

Plant Hunter in Manipur

by F. Kingdon-Ward

(Clarke, Irwin, Toronto, \$3.25)

When Mr. Kingdon-Ward received an assignment from the New York Botanic Garden to go on an expedition in search of plants, especially trees and shrubs, that would flourish in the Southern States, he selected the Manipur hill country as the most promising spot. He had already glimpsed the possibilities of this Indian state tucked in between Assam and Burma when he had worked there for the U.S. Army searching for crashed aircraft. Accordingly, with his wife, he set off full of pleasant anticipation for the Ukrul district where he did his hunting, at an altitude of 6,000 feet and higher.

This trip involved spending much time in the dripping mists and heavy rains of tropical forest monsoon country — with a prolonged monsoon season while Mr. Kingdon-Ward was there — but the compensations to the lover of plants were great. One upland meadow on Mount Sirhoi was visited frequently through the seasons and the richness of its flora makes one long to see it for oneself. However, seeing it through the author's eyes is the next best thing, as Mr. Kingdon-Ward describes its varying beauty; a rough census in the early autumn revealed some 150 species of flowering plants in the meadow. Here it was that he found in its hundreds the beautiful pink flowered Manipur lily (*Lilium Mackliniae*) which, as a result, has now found its way to the horticultural lists. This was but one of the treasures that rewarded the hunt. As a side line, Mr. Kingdon-Ward made trips in search of the elusive wild tea — which still eludes.

Mr. Kingdon-Ward writes without the flourish and dramatization that turn a jungle journey into a hair-raising adventure. Matters like looking for a lily and finding an unexploded bomb, or crossing a rushing river twenty feet below on a wet, nine-inch-wide split pine trunk thirty feet long, he takes in his stride. And

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his strides take him up mountains and down valleys, through forests and across meadows, always with a descriptive eye for flowers and birds and beasts. Because he does a good job, his journeys are not made spectacular, but Mr. Kingdon-Ward is the unassuming, efficient expert with whom one would like to travel.

M. FELTON

* * *

The Birds Are Yours

by Robert S. Lemmon and Don Eckelberry
(Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.50)

A small, pocket-sized book, with more than forty delightful drawings of birds by Don Eckelberry, staff artist of the National Audubon Society, and odd snippets of information by Robert Lemmon. Mr. Lemmon's short chapters range over many topics — nests, eggs, building materials, feeding habits, mating habits, temperament and so on. His approach is anthropomorphic and it is not altogether pleasing to students of natural history to read of "bird marriages" and "remarrying", "thought transference" and "burglar insurance policies" in connection with bird behaviour. In fact, while Mr. Lemmon's so-called chatty style may appeal to young people (which is open to question), to this reader such expressions as "these large economy-size swallows" merely detract from a book that contains many items of interest.

M. FELTON

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